

Remembrance

by Mrs. HopeEstheim

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Stoick, Valka

Pairings: Valka/Stoick

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-14 06:57:30

Updated: 2014-07-14 06:57:30

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:53:04

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,287

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: CONTAINS SPOILERS FOR HTTYD2. READ AT YOUR OWN RISK.

Sometimes I miss you with a smile, but sometimes I can't miss you without tears.

Remembrance

****CONTAINS SPOILERS FOR PERHAPS THE MOST EMOTIONAL PART OF HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON 2. IF YOU HAVE NOT SEEN IT, READ AT YOUR OWN RISK.****

* * *

><p>Sometimes I miss you with a smile, Stoick, but sometimes I can't miss you without tears.<p>

It was the same when I was in my nest, with all of my dragons. Alone, with dragons that I rescued, those I almost raised, those that I comforted as they ailed and ultimately passed on, and those that were my constant companions for twenty years. The whole time, I was missing you, Stoick. And Hiccup, of course. The two of you were my entire life, the things that made my breast swell with pride when I watched you parading around Berk, the child in one arm as you directed the men to do something.

In those twenty years I was gone, I never stopped missing you. I would remember when we danced and drank and made merry on the night we were wed, and oh, how I loved the way you boasted that you would have the strongest, bravest children of them all. I would smile, or chuckle, at the remembrance, and continue to reminisce the happy moments. I would miss your touch—the gentle caress of your hand, or the passionate feelings you awakened within me. During the first few years, I would still flush at the remembrance, like a shy maid on her wedding night, but then time continued to pass, and though I missed you fervently, some of the memories dimmed.

The most painful thing was the fear.

What I feared the most was that I would _forget_ you. I feared that I would forget the love of my life, my darling dear, and my precious babe, still in a cradle when I left. I couldn't even count the number of times that I hopped on Cloud Jumper's back, intent on going home to Berkâ€|only to realize that I didn't know which direction I had come from.

And I know I could have looked at the sun, or the stars, but for some reason it never occurred to me, and it probably never occurred to me because secretly, I feared coming back. I was afraid of returning on Cloud Jumper's back because I didn't know what you would do to him if I did. Would you hurt him? Maim him? Or, great Odin's ghostâ€|_kill_ him?

He was as dear a friend to me as Gobber always was to both of us.

I couldn't risk his life for my own selfishnessâ€|and I assured myself that you and the rest of Berk believed me dead already. You would be over your grieving period by then, and I would just open wounds better left alone.

Deep inside, though, I always wondered, _what would happen if I went back to Berk? If I went home?_

Eventually, that thought faded to the back of my mind, because I forced myself to believe that I was already home. In the ice nest created by the Alpha, a place that had become nearly as comfortable and familiar to me as all of Berk had ever been, I allowed myself to truly come alive for what felt like the first time.

Did you resent me, truly, when you saw me?

I still remember the look on your face, in your eyes, as I stuttered and blathered on, begging you to scream at me, to say something, _anything_, to reprimand me for leaving you to raise our marvelous son on your ownâ€|and then you told me I was just as beautiful as the day Cloud Jumper took me away.

The ice I had built around my heart was just as easily melted as it had been the first time, and I felt myself remembering why I fell in love with you in the first place. I could see that you had aged, with the white streaks in your once fiery hair, but you were the same man I married all those years ago. And when I look at Hiccup, I can see the impact you had on his life, too. He was so much like me at first, a bit impulsive, but always attempting to be the peacemakerâ€|but then I started to see the bits of you in him that I had always admired the most.

You were right, all those years ago. We had ended up with the strongest, bravest son in all of Berkâ€|though not quite in the ways you had anticipated then.

But nowâ€|now I know how you felt when you thought you had lost me.

And it _hurts_.

Stoick, I miss you.

I miss you so much that my heart clenches painfully when I turn around in the house to ask you to reach for something stored out of my reach—and you're not there. And it still happens, even though it's been years since I watched your trip to the table of kings, waiting, hoping, to hear some kind of welcome as you were accepted into Valhalla.

And then I regret. When I remember, I can do nothing but regret, even though I know it would cause you pain.

I regret that I ran away, or that I stayed away, when I should have returned. This feeling that I'm enduring is one that I forced upon you when you deserved so much better.

It felt—it feels like my world has shattered.

I'm picking up the pieces as well as I can—I have been, for years and years and years now—and the only reason I can continue on is because of how much of you I can see in Hiccup. He's brave, and strong, and courageous, and the greatest son that a woman like me could ever ask for. And sometimes I think that I don't deserve him, that I should be forced to regret and suffer as I made you suffer all those years. I know you wouldn't like me to think like that, though, and I know that the similarities to me that you found in him are part of what helped you make it through, too.

But even so—the tears won't stop coming.

As I lay in bed tonight, remembering you, I cry. I cry for the years that I could have had with you, if only I had believed I could change your mind about the dragons. The tears fall for all the pain I must have caused you while I was out gallivanting around, saving dragons and taunting those dragon trappers that wounded my precious comrades. I cry because I missed out on our Hiccup growing into the man he was when I first met him, and because I missed how you helped him become that man. But perhaps most of all, I cry because I wish you could have held me in your arms, this night and every night of my life, just one more time.

I have always loved you, Stoick, and even though you can't hold me, I know you're with us.

And that will have to suffice, although it can never be enough.

* * *

><p>And another HTTYD2 one-shot because I feel like it. Whatcha gonna do about it?

This one was written and completed between 12:25 AM and 12:49 AM, so if you find any mistakes or have any questions about it, just tell me so! (I also kind of stole the ending line from a Fairy Tail deathfic I wrote a few years ago because I liked it and thought it fit).

Thanks for reading.

End
file.